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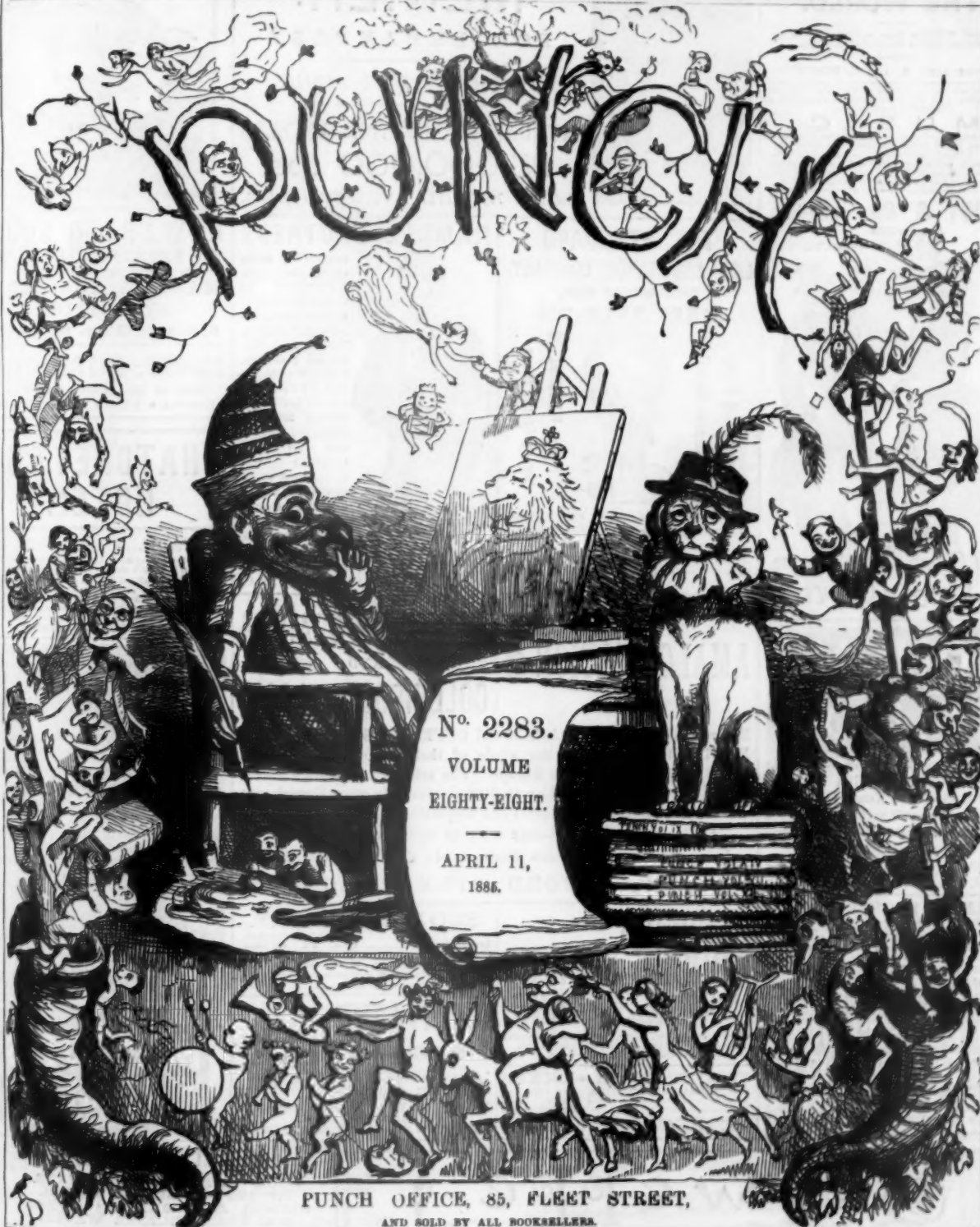
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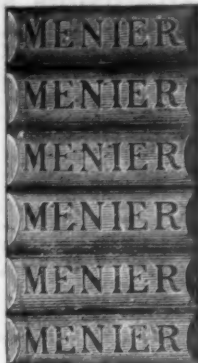
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PICTURE SUNDAY.

(THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.)

SHE. "THANKS SO MUCH FOR GIVING ME THIS OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING YOUR ACADEMY PICTURE, MR. McDUFFEY—AND GOOD-BYE!"

HE. "DELIGHTED TO HAVE SEEN YOU. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE NOW GOING TO SEE SMYTH'S PICTURE, OVER THE WAY!"

SHE. "OH NO. I SHALL SEE THAT AT THE ACADEMY, YOU KNOW!"

GORDON!

(Mr. Punch's Contribution to the "Memorial.")

SHALL it be said that English tributes slacken,
Slow-swelling, stunted in so high a cause,
When English tongues have lavished loud applause?

A thought our pride to cheek, our fame to blacken!

Not so poor-hearted surely, not so prone

To that cheap empty flow of words alone

Which is our day's disease! Is that large life

The destined quickener, not of high desire

And liberal love, but faction's foolish fire?

Have we no share in the heroic strife,

Save meanly to admire?

Not with mad words, or many, may we mourn thee,

Great heart, whose silent grandeur seems to shame

Our tongueless time. From us, but not from fame,

Or a land's love, hath lurking treachery torn thee;

So hope must fain admit at last, at last,

Unwillingly; and a great darkness cast

O'er every hearth in England witnesseth

More than much speech, with what o'er-mastering spell

Thy spirit moved us, who scarce knew thee well.

Ere round the earth the record of thy death

Rang its heart-chilling knell!

Hero, we hail thee! The vulgarian rabble

Of starved self-seekers and of sceptred ghouls

Have made that name strike sickness to men's souls:

But the war-chronicler's barbaric babble,

The courtier's dulcet panegyric, find

No thrice-worn theme in thine heroic mind,

Which honours moved not, nor the mouth of praise,
Nor any noise of general acclaim.

Then with what voice shall the loud herald, Fame,
Speak forth thy signal splendour, with what lays

Thy brows assume to frame?

Not the mere warrior's blood-bedabbled laurel,

Though never knight borne homeward on his shield

Hath greener reaped from any stricken field;

But as fame's bauble and as childhood's coral

Lightly thou wouldst have held the trivial leaf.

He who to his own breast the steely sheaf

Of spear-points gathered, and so gladly died

To break the foe,* had something of thine heart,

Who, lonely 'midst large hosts, couldst play thy part

Steadfastly sacrificial; gentle-eyed

Confronting death's swift dart.

Faith-fired to fearless firmness such as only

Faith may inspire, emancipate from self,

High above pride as the low spell of pelf,

How enviable, O loyal heart and lonely,

Thy radiant isolation, like a star

That from the unfathomed gulfs of space afar

With calm resplendent clarity flames on

In unapproached yet serviceable light!

How narrower seem the heavens, and less bright,

Since thou from our expectant gaze art gone,

Leaving us with the night!

GORDON! A name to gild our island story,

Opulent yet in many a noble name,

With lustre brighter than mere statecraft's fame,

More radiant than the warrior's glittering glory.

Such lesser lights eclipse them in the fine

Sun-glow of selfless valour such as thine,

Soldier whose sword, like GALAHAD'S, was not used

To hew out honour, but to champion right;

Plan-shaper who, in council as in fight,

Wast endlessly resourceful, yet refused,

Death-snared, an easy flight!

We picture thee, with hearts that thrill yet sicken,

One in the waste, alone against a host,

Like that Pompeian sentinel at his post.

Firm, whilst a hundred perils round thee thicken

Hourly, and hourly fades the hope of aid

From England. Through the Desert night's dusk shade

We watch thee send that vigilant gaze in vain

Across the silent sand-flats mile on mile;

To death resigned, unwitting that the while

Thy brave belated brethren toil and strain

Toward thee o'er the Nile.

We chafe, we grieve with unavailing sorrow,

That treachery's stroke was swifter than our stride,

That trapped, betrayed, our trusting hero died

Unreached by rescuing hands, which on the morrow

Triumphantly had grasped his own and spread

Between him and the traitor. GORDON dead!

Belief shrinks back as from some black sheer verge,

And hope, long failing, but late quickening

To a new life, like blossoms in the spring,

One last faint wistful plea is fain to urge:

For keeping still a-wing.

Dead? Nay, not so! The enduring inspiration

Of such a spirit sways beyond all death,

A quickening presence, an abiding breath.

It lives through all the being of the Nation,

And far beyond the foam, like a quick flame,

Leaps to the hearts of all who bear our name,

Though under other stars; so that through thee

Kinship more promptly speaks, more proudly thrills

Into one phalanx of heroic wills

Men of thy blood, wide-sundered though they be

By seas and wastes and hills.

* ARNOLD WINKELRIED, at the Battle of Sempach.

HIC JACET.—A "Government Bill on Cemeteries," proposing "to permit the continuance of consecration as a religious ceremony, but to deprive it of any legal effect," will, it is said, be introduced after April by Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN. In connection with interment Mr. MORGAN has made quite a name, distinct from, though decidedly associated with, that of a Morgue'un.



TAKING WARNING.

William. "TREATING HIM LIKE THAT, SIMPLY BECAUSE HE'S HAD AN ACCIDENT WITH THE CHINA! WHY, IF MY MASTER HAD AS BAD A TEMPER AS HIS MISTRESS—BUT WE MANAGE THIS SORT OF THING SO MUCH BETTER IN ENGLAND!"

LOOK ABROAD!

If there were any reasonable hope of being able, even for a moment, to get our lively but self-satisfied neighbours across the Channel just to see themselves as others see them, it might be worth while to adapt and parody for their benefit the ridiculous and contemptible scene, worthier a good deal of an ill-managed Ape House than of a decent Legislative Assembly, enacted last week in their Lower Chamber on the announcement of the recent Tonkin disaster. But a people eaten to the very bone with a diseased and despicable vanity learns nothing, and it would be as useless to ask a frantic and gibbering Parisian what he would have to say if our own House of Commons were suddenly to sink in some trying crisis to the level reached the other day by his own National Assembly, as to expect him to appreciate the Parliamentary self-control and the generous attitude towards political opponents that have, with rare exceptions, hitherto invested Party warfare in this country with a dignified respectability with which it could ill-afford to dispense. The very

history of the last few weeks furnishes ample and striking testimony to the existence of this commendable national restraint.

On the evening that it became known in London that Khartoum had fallen, and that General GORDON was captured, no one will deny that in the first sharp moment of universal outcry, with the whole country thunderstruck and dumfounded at the news, Mr. GLADSTONE had a far graver issue to deal with than that which M. FERRY encountered in the temporary reverse of the French troops telegraphed from Tonkin. Yet the SPEAKER, in the interests of order, had not, amidst a surging uproar of gesticulation, either to dash his own wig or dance on his own chair.

Nor were the Members on the Front Opposition Bench so very badly behaved. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not, *more Gallico*, skip up to the PREMIER, and, snapping his fingers wildly in his face,



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

Farmer's Daughter. "I SAY, JEM, FANCY! MOTHER SAID TO ME TO-DAY THAT I WAS TO HELP IN THE DAIRY, AND MIGHT HELP IN THE MILKING! BECAUSE SHE DID WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL! I SAID I'D GO FOR A GOV'NESS FIRST!"

denounce him to the country as "a poltroon, a Mahdi, and a rag-picker." Even Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT did not fly head over heels on to the table, and, foaming at the mouth, call out for "two hundred pairs of boots below the Gangway to kick the PREMIER to the Tower." Such graceful and dignified amenities of debate were certainly wanting; and it must be fairly admitted that, if a grave national crisis, that not only deeply stirs the passion, but severely tests the patience of the country, ought to be met in a Constitutional Assembly with the yell of the ape, and the courtesy of the butcher,—then they manage these things much better in France!

PUNCH TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

Nor with Bavarian bulls or butts of Rhenish,
With sausage-chains, or plovers' eggs, or beer,
Your cellar or your larder to replenish,
Comes Mr. Punch upon your seventieth year.
He does not plump your purse or pile your dishes,
But offers you his heartiest good wishes!

A seventy years so full of storm and struggle
'Twould puzzle pregnant history to show.
Well, War's a madness, Statesmanship a juggle
For the most part, as you, my OTTO, know.
E'en "Blood and Iron" smack of the barbarian—
N'est-ce-pas?—when one's a Septuagenarian.

Great Nation-builder, subtle Policy-weaver,
After those fifty years of fight so fateful,
The tribute of your "faithful ones of Yver"
Although a simple gift, perchance is grateful
As any "sword of honour." To you still
Punch drains the health-cup of earth's hope,—Good-will!

ON PIECE WORK.—Labour at the Royal Arsenals.

A BALLAD OF THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

"Nostri pugnabant rari."—CÆSAR.

"Our men fought uncommon."—Old Translation.

LET Sparta boast her Monarch
true,
With his famed hundreds
three.

I sing of THOMAS ATKINS, who
Can fight as well as he.

The Berkshires woodcutting were
out,

The sun was fierce and high,
When all around them and

about
Thundered the Desert cry!—

When all about and all around
Companies F. and G.

The Desert, with a surging
sound,

Rose like a rising sea.

They heard the foemen as they
roared,

They saw them as they came,
They formed a sudden square, and

poured
A flood of angry flame!

The sky was blind with sand and
smoke,

With bullets shrieked the air,
Like wave on wave the Desert

broke
Against that stubborn square!

But when the smoke let through
the sun,

And when the Arabs ran,
Firm stood that square, the battle

done,
And had not lost a man!

And round, like swathes of sea-
weed, lay,

Left by the ebbing wave,
Their foemen, that were brave as

they,
But not one whit more brave.

The Arabs of their Khalid boast,
I know as good as he;

The Berkshire lads that cowed a
host,
Companies F. and G.!

Educational.

Tutor (wishing to improve the occasion). You saw a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day, signed "TERTIUM QUID." How do you translate this?

Advanced Pupil. "Tertium Quid"? Oh—(after some thought)—I know. "The third Sovereign."

ALL ROUND THE STUDIOS.

(From Our Special on "Show Sunday.")

As usual we sent Our Private and Very Special All-Rounder to visit the Studios on Show Sunday. The next morning we received the following note:—

DEAR ED.,—Merely writing "Ed." reminds me, if I wanted reminding, that I have such an 'ead, myself, this morning! It is one of my



Our All-Rounder.—A Regular Topper.

bad days: East winds, I think: can't make it out. I went all round the Studios yesterday, from morn till dewy eve, and at last the Studios went all round me. Many of the Artists were old friends of mine, some were ancient playmates, the majority were total strangers, but the same spirit of true hospitality and good-fellowship actuated everyone alike, and all of them, from the President down to the paint-pot boy, were delighted to see me. The cannikin clinked in every Studio. We drank to old times, to present times, to future glories; we toasted you, Sir, as the Editor, and we drank to our next merry meeting, or meetings, as on my Notes I find that I am engaged for a series of artistic dinner-parties, many of them actually on the same day and at the same hour, and a lot of the dear merry Swiss Cottage Boys are coming to me, but somehow the dates,—my Notes were made in the gloaming,—have got mixed, and I shall have to go all round again next Sunday, to find out when I dine with everybody, and when anybody dines with me.

As you are in a pressing hurry, I must send you my Notes just as they are. I have every faith in your dear clever printers, but, above all, in your able and astute Editorship, and no doubt, between you all, you will be able to "sift the sand from the wheat"—(or whatever the darned proverb is—I was never good at proverbs)—and present a clear account of my Grand Rounds to your readers. "Pass Grand Rounds and all's well,"—at least all will be well when I've stayed for a day, and slept for a night, and seen nobody, and done nothing.—Yours ever.

We set his Report *verbatim* before our readers, and they will then perceive for themselves why we should have every sort of confidence in him on a future occasion. The Notes are in pencil, and become more and more illegible as they proceed. The first ones are not very clear, as the writer has evidently written his latest remarks over his earliest. We give the result as best we can:—

Sunny morning. Coldish. Dry. Warm walking. Nipping, and an eager air. Called at Sir FREDERICK'S. He is very busy. Capital sherry and biscuits. Sorry he couldn't see me. Will I call again in an hour. Yes. Much warmer. Where next? Try ARMITAGE. Knew ARMITAGE when he was a boy. Excellent chap—first-rate dry sherry—and biscuits. Better than the President's—that is, for my own taste. Asked ARMY where he got it. Do I think he stole it, he says. Apologise. More sherry. Early, Sunday morning. Not used to this sort of thing since we were boys together. Old ARMY says, will I go now, as he's busy painting something for St. Paul's Cathedral, and he has lots of people he must attend to. I say certainly—yes, by all means. What day will suit him to come and foregather? Foregather Day settled. When? Quite forgot to ask. Door shut. Will go back, and ask when. No, will call back—no, will call on my way back to ask when. Quite forgot to see old ARMY's pictures. Must look in again. Where to now? Hi! Cab! Rather sleepy. Effect, I think, of getting up so early, or else it's the smell of the paint in the Studios. Cabman, drive to MILLAI'S. He doesn't know where MILLAI'S is. I say, Red House—round corner. Big place—steps up inside—lots of carriages (I nearly said Asparagus, instead of carriages—I am so sleepy) at door. That's MILLAI'S house. Arrive suddenly. Keep cab. Door open. People going in, and coming out. Staircase very beautiful, but slippery. Feel a little faint. It's the heat. Art-Butler wants me to have some

soda-water. Sherry and biscuit. Water biscuits? No; oil-cake, out of compliment to Art. Take a hair of the biscuit that bit me. MILLAI'S painting long subject,—The Orni—The Ornithologist. Intended as a decoration for St. Paul's Cathedral. Burial of a Toldrolologist,—it sounds like a comic chorus. MILLAI'S has some good sherry, too—not so good as President's, and not up to old ARMY'S. Must go back and see old ARMY. Oil-cake biscuits better at MILLAI'S.

Took cab again to see FRANK HOLL. Quite a little Holiday. No sherry here. Port. Dry. So am I. And a sandwich. Knew HOLL since he was quite a child. He is painting Lord DUFFRIN as Hamlet. Very good likeness. Too much port in it. No thank you, I don't smoke with port before one o'clock in the day. Must go on now. Shan't sleep here,—though really if it wasn't for duty, which urges me on, I should like snooze. Hi! Cab! FRITH'S. Don't know where FRITH'S is? And call yourself a cabman! House, with flag flying to indicate luncheon time. Yes—that's FRITH'S. Just sitting down to shoulder of mutton and potatoes. Wouldn't disturb him for world—will see pictures after lunch. I never take luncheon. Won't I break through rule? Yes, I will, as I am breaking through rules to-day. Show Sunday. I'm so warm now I call it "Tres Show Sunday." Roars of laughter. FRITH good French scholar, sees joke with half an eye. Likes the merry jest which cheers but doesn't inebriate. I cheer, but don't inebriate. Bitter Beer or Champagne? Well—both so good—and I never lunch—that—beer safer to begin with, and champagne after, if my host takes it. Hope he'll make himself quite at home. If he likes to paint during luncheon time it won't disturb me. Will I have cigar and whiskey and water? Well—let's see—it's getting late—just two—but it's Show Sunday—and if I start again at 2:30 I might show myself in the Park, and then show myself at church on way back. Back where? MILLAI'S or President's. Said I'd call somewhere. Got it on my Notes. Can't find it. What's FRITH painting? Oh—I see—yes—"John Knox and the Pope." Capital subject. Intended for decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral. Did he do it this morning? Must be off now. Got to go somewhere else—say BOUGHTON'S, because it begins with "B." Hi! Cab!

Curious change in weather. Misty. Some difficulty in seeing Notes. Oughtn't to have taken that heavy luncheon. Must walk it off—that is, when I get out of cab. BOUGHTON at home. Sorry I can't go all the way up-stairs. Will he bring his pictures down, and hang 'em in the hall for me to 'spect? If he won't, it's his loss, not mine. Sherry? No. Well, then, as it's after lunch-time—he's so hospitable—this I put down on Notes—a *liqueur* is the very thing. It corrects everything. All right. And a mild cigar. Well, don't mind mild cigar. But must see pictures. I've got to make Notes—pictures. That's what I want BOUGHTON to understand, and he doesn't seem to be capable—no, capable—of understanding it. If he will sit still in the hall, he can tell me what it's all about. I mean, he can tell me what he's all about—what he's painting. He is telling me, and I am putting it down on my Notes. His subjects are Chartreuse Verte, Two Salmon, with MILTON'S young wife between them on a Bunhill, and Chartreuse Jaune this time from 'nother point of hue. Intended for St. Paul's Cathedral. Everything seems intended for St. Paul's Cathedral.

Made all my Notes; must go now to MARCUS STONE'S. Tea in the parlour—I mean parlour. Will I prefer brandy-and-soda? Well, just to please him, will take brandy; just drink luck to pictures. By the way, what is pictures—I should say, are pictures—years his—this year? He doesn't know what to call it. Will I give it a name? I say, Bransoda. MARCUS says, wishes he'd thought of it before, as it would have made fine decorative subject for St. Paul's. Why do they all want to decorate St. Paul's? Must go back and ask ARMITAGE. MARCUS says, "Don't go to sleep." I'm not going to sleep, I tell him,—only thinking,—with Notebook in hand. I'll give him a name for his picture—"The Stolen Keys." Why Stolen Keys? Why, hang it, doesn't he remember his own work? That was "Stealing the Keys," long ago. Then, by this time, the keys are stolen; any subsequent picture could be called "Stolen Keys." Somehow, MARCUS seems to fade away from me, and float off as in a vision. Odd, this effect. I'm afraid I shall have to go to an oculist. And then, I'm getting so sleepy. That's three times to-day I've fallen asleep while I've been talking; and I've often noticed this in other people when I've been talking; and I've attributed it to their ill health. Must consult Solicitor—I mean Doctor. No one in Studio. Servant says Master 'bliged to go out,—but can she give me anything? No, thanks. Off.

I begin to feel quite fresh again. Must have slept longer than I had imagined. Must now go and see P. R. MORRIS, HERKIMER, DICKER, PETTIE, and RIVIERE. Not half done yet. On the road stop at the Three Witches' Tavern to see MACBETH; then to MACWHIRTER'S, then to MACWHIRTER'S. Then to St. John's Wood Division. After MACBETH ought to see the Cauldron,—no, the CALDERON. Ah! MACWHIRTER. Bless him! Recollect his story in German, The Sorrows of MACWHIRTER. Just caught him. Not seen him for years. How's all at home wi' ye? Whiskey first-rate; never tasted anything equal to it. The whiskey-and-water sketch of

"The Arch in Tite Street," intended for the decoration of St. Paul's, is a masterpiece. So's "The Truck in a Whirlwind." Splendid: so strong: couldn't take more than two small glasses. I regret to say that Miss HILDA MONTALBA wasn't at home, at least so the servant informed me, though I can almost swear to Miss MONTALBA's head over the window-blinds. However, that's her affair, not mine. I make this note as I rest on the door-steps. I am at my post—the door-post—I am quite caperable—I am waiting in the gloaming—I am waiting here for you. One bumper at parting on the door-step—it was a bumper—sat down suddenly, then sat up. Sudden shock to system wakes system up. Cab. Hi!

Getting late. Shall go back, and dine with President. Promised to return, and see his pictures. Home, dress first. In the evening can go another round, and see pictures by gaslight. Cab! Home.

After dinner. Late. Same cab. Couldn't get to President's. Went round lots of Studios. Couldn't get in. Ascertain that Mr. PRINSEP is painting "The Indian Rubber." Portraits of four Rajahs at Whist. Mr. ORCHARDSON's picture is "Hooking the West-Gate and ganging free." Scene in the Isle of Thanet. Mr. FAED is finishing a fine exterior representing "A Highlandman outside a Tobacconist's." Sir JOHN GILBERT is doing a picture of "Knightsbridge in the Olden Time." Mr. HALSEWELL's—that-Ends-Well's picture is "Receiving a River Ghost, or Welcome Shade." Beautiful subject, he says. I met him on doorstep with latchkey. Couldn't show it me now as gas turned off. Couldn't ask me in as there was severe epidemic in the house, oil-fever. I make notes on doorstep. He says picture very fine. Fens. Murky blue sky. Meadows and moonlight. Sheep in an oak. Breezy and sunny. Spot barred. Winter in foreground. Grass mingling with branches. Hot summer day. Good-night. Very kind to give information. . . . Cab . . . Stop! E. A. WARD going home. Hi! What picture, eh? Going to make a hit with another 'Shy'—ha! ha! Good night! What does he mean? On we goes again—drive round the Studios. Just found Sir FREDERICK on doorstep, going in . . . What cheer! . . . Sir FRED most polite, would ask me in. But has made a vow not to see anyone in Lent after midnight. Very sorry—would give worlds to break oath—but can't—can tell me anything outside—good—what's subjects? He says not WATTS, LEIGHTON—explanation—his subjects are—damsel—doll—sash—auburn—Greek—Liar—Singing—Good-night—bye—see soon—dine—next . . . Where's cab? Home sweet Home. What! Two guineas' worth of cab! Non-possible. Card. Summons me if you like. Row. No money to-night. Must sell out at a loss. Call to-morrow. All right. G'night. Bed.

Our readers will see that these Notes were made in circumstances over which the writer evidently had no control, but they are worth publishing intact for the sake of the rare and valuable information they contain.—ED.



"HONOURABLE INTENTIONS."

Stern Parent Shave-Leavees (to General Public). "Oh yes, you must pay your addresses in due form to Miss Telegraphina."

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Our Own Condensed Shilling Dreadful.)

CHAPTER I.—THE NOVELIST'S RESOLVE.

WILLIAM VAN DONOP O'DWYER, Poet and Novelist, of Hiberno-Batavian descent, had been the pride of New York fiction.



"America for the Americans," was one of his mottoes in the conduct of his Art, others were, "None but native impressions," "No international complications," "Incidents are vulgar." It was O'DWYER's boast that there was never an European character in all his tales, that he had never visited Europe, and had never seen a Prince, even in a photograph. Yet he plumed himself, and correctly, on speaking English without a

trace of Transatlantic accent. Altogether he was a very remarkable man and Novelist.

The public is fickle. O'DWYER's productions, so patriotically exclusive, ceased to be praised. Readers asked for something more varied, cosmopolitan, and exciting.

Behold O'DWYER as the argest rays of his reading-lamp etch out the lines of his thin, dark, studious face, and are absorbed by the violet velvet coverings of his costly furniture.

A pile of Reviews of his last patriotic novels, all unfavourable, lie around him.

O'DWYER arose from his luxurious couch.

"These scribblers shall have what they want," he cried. "They shall have Europe, they shall have Dukes, nay, they shall have Princes, they shall have dynamite and disguises."

Having uttered this vow, the heroic Novelist drew from his breast a small golden *cahier* with golden edges, and a patent key. In this he jotted down some of the ideas for an European Romance of the day, just as they thronged into his inspired imagination.

Next he called his valet, bade him pack his valises, and in an hour O'DWYER was moving Eastward Ho, ready for the invasion of London, for the conquest of new fields of Art.

CHAPTER II.—IN PALL MALL.

'Twas half-past six o'clock. 'Twas evening in Pall Mall and in the Season. The late yellow light, flooding down that avenue of palaces, lit up the keen features of O'DWYER, who had just reached his base of operations. A Lady of great loveliness bowed to him profoundly from her elegant equipage, as she was whirled past by two brilliant bays. O'DWYER's hat was at once in his hand.

"How unlike what I have always believed of England!" he said. "I have taken the British for a cold race, uninterested in literary merit, especially when foreign. Yet here—"

O'DWYER touched his hat in what he conceived to be the fashion of a military salute.

The tall Guardsman on duty at Blenheim House had just presented arms to him as he went by.

"Extraordinary!" he muttered. "The most bewitching and high-toned Ladies in the land,—though nobody," he added, recollecting himself, "would look round at them if they passed on Broadway,—are bowing to me, all the time, out of all the carriages. Every hat off wherever I go! The very Soldier on the stoop of that red-brick house saluting! My Novels, especially my *Rose of Neuport*, must be better appreciated in England than I had supposed."

O'DWYER left a card for a friend at the Blenheim Club. As he came out into the street, he nearly jostled a very well-dressed man, with a gardenia in his button-hole, who bowed, and apologised elaborately.

"Certainly a courteous people," said O'DWYER. The evening was falling. He took a Hansom and drove to his hotel, the "Shortham."

(Continued on Page 180.)



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

Grandmamma. "HARK, DOROTHY! DO YOU HEAR THE PUFF-PUFF!"

Dorothy. "THE LOCOMOTIVE, I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN, GRANDMAMMA!"

"CEÀD MÌLE FÁILTHI!"

A HUNDRED thousand welcomes! Yes, HIBERNIA would not shame
The traditions of her Island, which, through all its storied past,
Has earned for hospitality an honourable name,
She would cherish to the last.

They come in cheery confidence and genuine goodwill,
The pair of Royal Visitors. The Green Isle of the West,
Like the Desert, ever holdeth all its courtesy and skill
At the service of a Guest.

She comes, our sweet Princess, like the Lady in the song
That Erin's favourite singer shaped from Erin's legends hoar,*
In the faith that in all Ireland none would work her scathe or wrong,
Though she paced from shore to shore.

Like the bright gold ring that Lady bore aloft upon her wand
Our Princess bears a jewel—'tis the flawless gem of Trust;
And if she find a foeman in the chivalrous old land,
Sure his soul must be of dust!

No! On Erin's pride and honour, like that maiden of the smile,
She relies, and so relying shall be lighted safe and sound,
Like the Lady of the legend, o'er each foot of the Green Isle
Where an Irish heart is found.

So HIBERNIA says, be sure, and hath nought but chiding stern
For such churlish errant children as her honour would disgrace
By parade of ancient enmities, which all too long may burn
In the bosom of a race.

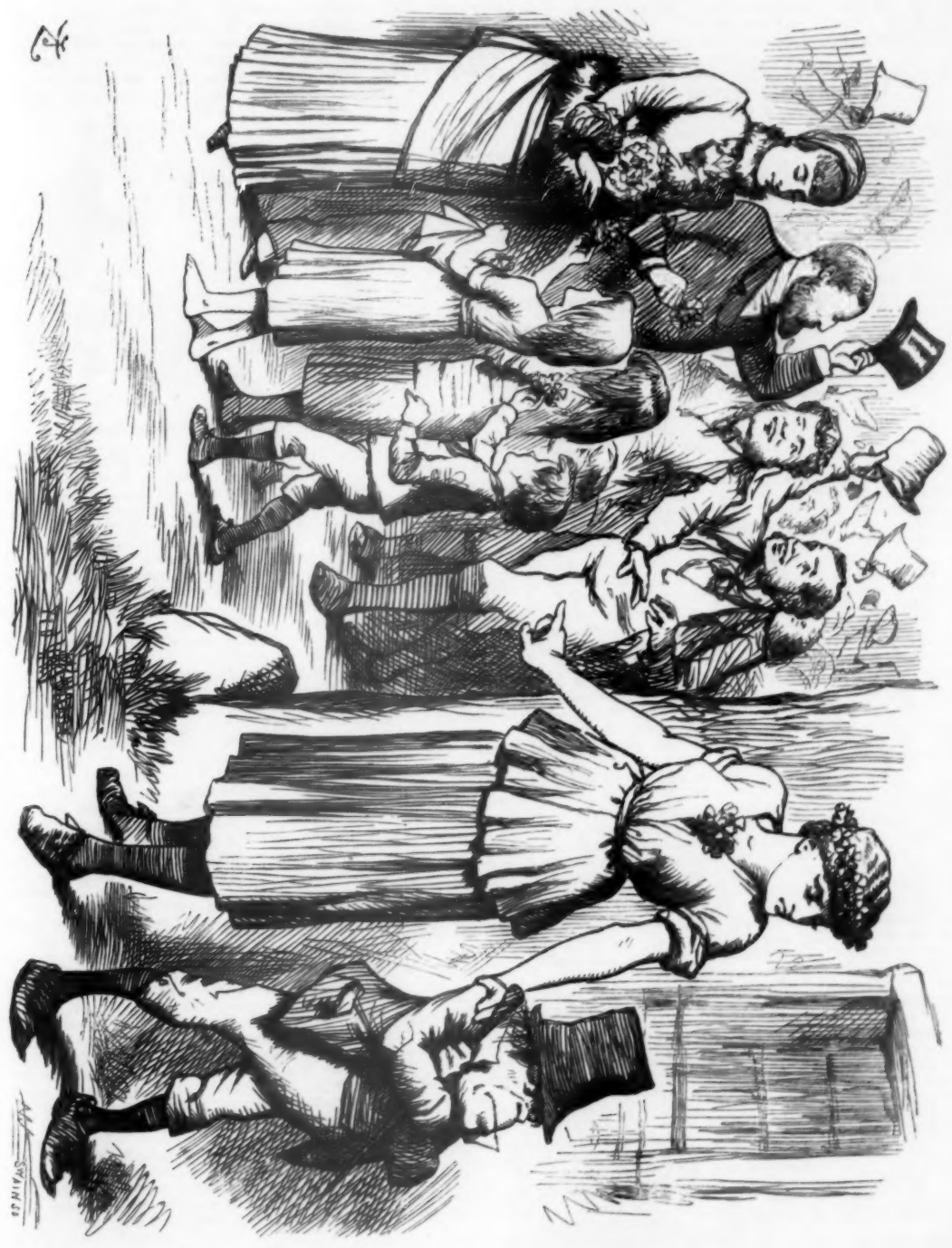
They are fools who lend them fuel, whosoever they may be,
"Cold-hearted Saxons" here, or hot-headed PARS out there;
Let the firebrands stand aside, and soon blue-eyed Hope shall see
The last breath of black Despair.

* See MOORE'S song, "Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore."

"OPEN SESAME!"

PEOPLE have long been arguing—and with their arguments *Mr. Punch* sympathises—in favour of opening the National Gallery on Sundays, in order that those who get few other holidays may have a chance of looking at the Pictures on that day. The week in which Good Friday fell was, however, a week in which many of the class whom Sunday opening is intended to benefit *did* get holidays. Well, "X." writes to the *Times* this month to say that, on the Thursday and Saturday in that particular week, the National Gallery was—open rather earlier, and closed rather later than usual? Not at all! It was "closed for cleaning." So that any laborious, but Art-loving artisan or poor clerk who might fancy a peep at the new Raphael or Vandyke that the Nation has paid so much money for on either of those days wouldn't be able to get it, the Galleries in which they are displayed being in a state of "mops and brooms." If, in disgust, he should have got into a similar condition—figuratively speaking—that would be advanced as a reason, *not* for opening Galleries, but for closing Public-houses. If "X." is right, it seems to *Mr. P.* that somebody else must be wrong here. Unless—which seems hardly likely—there is some very conclusive reason for closing the Gallery on those particular days, having them closed in the face of those who then might seek entrance, appears to be a "superfluity of naughtiness."

SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW ARRANGEMENTS AT THE PHILHARMONIC.—In order to make the St. James's Music-Hall thoroughly enjoyable, and a formidable rival to the Pavilion and other similar establishments, we are pleased to hear, though we repeat the information with the greatest caution and without expressing the least confidence in our informant, that the Directors contemplate setting apart the centre portion of the Gallery for Smokers, and refreshments may be served here only during the intervals. Any Waiter uncorking a bottle of effervescing drink during the performance of Music, will be instantly dismissed, as it is not intended to mix the Philharmonic up with the "Pops."



“CEAD MILE FAITHI”!!!

W. S. P.

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY MUSICAL CLIENT.

"BRIEF, Sir!" said my admirable and excellent Clerk to me one morning, as he opened the door of my Chambers.

I looked at the bundle of papers which had been so unexpectedly placed in my hands with astonishment and joy, and carried it in triumph to my desk. The news of the glorious affair was quickly circulated, and numbers of my professional friends practising on



Representatives of the Bar.

the same staircase dropped in to offer me personally their hearty congratulations. My brief was passed from hand to hand, provoking expressions of envy and admiration. It was immediately admitted to be perfectly genuine.

"As I expected!" at length exclaimed one of my friends, who invariably fills

the part of a Killjoy. "It is from HANDEL MOANS."

"What sort of man is he?" I asked, rather nervously, as my friend's tone was calculated to arouse apprehension. "Quite rational, I suppose. Not—"

"Oh, no," was the answer, "not that. Only very eccentric."

I explained that I had no evidence of his eccentricity before me. On the contrary, I considered his sending me a brief a very sensible and proper proceeding.

"No doubt," was the dry response; "but I don't think you would have got it had BROWNE been in the way."

And as this seemed to be the general impression, there was no more to be said. On the retirement of my visitors, my Clerk informed me that the papers had been left by a small boy, with a message that Mr. HANDEL MOANS would like to see me at once. I waited for some time in expectation of his coming, but as he did not appear, I determined to visit him myself. I do not stand upon ceremony when my clients' interests are at stake. I argued that at that very moment he might be eagerly looking for my assistance.

I hurried to the address on my brief, Paint Alley, Strand, W.C. As I passed in, I heard the sounds of a piano, upon which was being played, with much brilliancy of touch, a sort of French jig, and reflected that such music must be a sad disturbance to Mr. MOANS, deeply engrossed in the business of his numerous clients.

Two minutes later I was ushered into Mr. MOANS' sanctum. A gentleman, with long black hair, sprang up from a piano at which he was seated, and shook hands with me with a heartiness perfectly painful.

"I expected to see Mr. MOANS," I faltered out. "Do you know when he will be back?"

"My name is MOANS—HANDEL MOANS," returned the long-haired gentleman; "and I want your advice."

Recovering from my astonishment, I said I supposed he wished to consult with me about *Stocks versus Stubbings*.

"Oh, *Stocks versus Stubbings* be blowed!"—I regret to say he used rather a stronger word than "blowed"—"BROWNE will tell us all about that. No; I want to ask you about—*this*."

And before I could compose myself to listen to an expected intricate point of law, he had turned round on his piano-stool and was strumming away on the instrument before him with the utmost energy, the sort of French jig I had already heard.

"There!" he said, finishing with a bang, "how's that for *Prince Pipsywispy*?"

I was puzzled what to reply. I had read the instructions I had received in *Stocks versus Stubbings*, but did not remember the name of Prince PIPSWISPY—not in fact any other Scion of Royalty. The case seemed to me to turn upon an alleged assault with a pint pot, said to have been committed, in a moment of extreme irritation, upon the husband of a charwoman.

"Was that the music that was the cause of the quarrel?" I asked after some consideration.

Mr. HANDEL MOANS stared at me for a moment, still smiling, but not quite so cordially. At last he asked me if I were "BRIEFLESS?"

"And," he continued, "aren't you a member of the Green Curtain Club, and didn't you write the words of '*Hansom is as Hansom does, or the Piccadilly Cabby*'?"

I saw the error at a glance! Mr. HANDEL MOANS had mistaken me for a cousin of mine of the same name, with whom I am on very distant terms. I explained my identity.

"Ah! but you belong to the same family, and I daresay have lent your cousin a helping hand before now," said Mr. MOANS with returning heartiness. "Now, isn't this yours?" And before I could reply, he sang in stentorian tones the following doggerel:—

"In and out the Law Court,
With a 'How d'ye do?' 'Tar-tar!'
A doing of the 'Rorty Tort'
And Reading for the Bar!"

As I have a scrupulous regard for truth, I confessed that I had had something to do with "*The Outer Temple Man*" (of which the above was the refrain), although entirely repudiating the chorus.

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. MOANS, "as the chorus is the best part of it. However, I am glad I sent you the brief, although I don't suppose BROWNE will ever let us hear the end of it."

On further investigation it turned out that Mr. MOANS, having several members of the theatrical "profession" as clients, had managed to get an *Opéra Bouffe*, of which he was the composer, accepted at a West End theatre. He was at that moment engaged in rehearsing his bantling, leaving the business of his own profession in the hands of his chief clerk, Mr. BROWNE. I regret to say that when that person discovered I had been briefed by his master, he obstinately refused to afford me any assistance, and I had to get all my instructions from Mr. HANDEL MOANS himself. It was a very difficult task. I had to run my client to earth on the stage of the Terpsichore Theatre, where I held hurried consultations which he used to mix up with details connected with his *Opéra Bouffe*, and consequently we sometimes made mistakes.

It may be asked why I went on with the matter? I can only reply that by some unlucky chance (I believe that that villain BROWNE was at the bottom of it) the husband of the charwoman got hold of my name and address, and made me personally responsible for every unpleasantness. At length the position became so embarrassing that I determined to have it out with my client, and tell him that if he did not immediately pay proper attention to *Stocks versus Stubbings* I must return my brief. I accosted him once again behind the scenes at the Terpsichore Theatre.

"Return your brief!" he exclaimed. "Why, my friend, you never had such a chance in your life. And now don't bother any more about that affair, but look through the slit in the curtain at the House. Not bad for a second night, although the Press has given us a slating."

The First Act was over. I looked through the hole as requested, and noticed that there was rather a thin audience, except in the Dress-circle, which was nearly full. However, to balance their numbers in this part of the auditorium, the spectators (who were constantly turning their heads towards the box-doors as if eagerly expecting the entrance of someone) seemed to be either almost moved to tears, or with difficulty controlling the most savage anger. I called Mr. MOANS' attention to their emotions.

"Oh, it isn't at the piece," he replied, quickly, "you see I told a few of my clients to meet me here this evening, on the second night, when the opera would have been produced, and I could have time to attend to them. But the fact is there is such a lot of things still to do, that to keep them quiet I have had to have them all passed into the Dress-circle to wait for me." And, calling to the property-man to follow him, he was seen no more that evening.

When I reached home, I heard that there had been a disturbance with the husband of the charwoman, whose wrongs had driven him to drinking. Fortunately I had just received an offer to take my house furnished from a quiet Country Clergyman who, having let his sea-side residence, was anxious to come to London for a little relaxation. I closed with him at once, leaving him (as a man of peace) to settle with the charwoman's husband while I and my family went quietly down the next morning to Southend for a holiday. After the inquest I returned to town and resumed practice. One day, passing by Paint Alley, I thought I would look-up Mr. HANDEL MOANS, and see if there was any chance of renewing my connection; for truth to tell, I really could not afford to lose a client in those days (it was some years ago)—nay, I cannot afford to lose one even now.

"Now, Sir," cried a bullying-looking person, who was occupying Mr. MOANS' chair, "I tell you that if you are Prince PIPSWISPY's husband, as I suppose you are, you won't get a penny more. Mr. HANDEL MOANS has sold his practice to me, and has gone to Russia as the Musical Conductor of a travelling Burlesque Company."

"But I am not Prince PIPSWISPY's husband," I replied, with a conciliatory smile. "The fact is I was professionally engaged in

"*Stocks versus Stubbings*," and—

"Ah, to be sure," returned Mr. MOANS' successor, grimly. "Well, we sent the charwoman's husband into penal servitude for life, and as for you, Sir, it is my impression that you won't get much from this office—no, Sir, not much." And, in spite of his brutal frankness, he was quite right—I have never got any!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



MEDICAL.

Regimental Doctor (to Man with Sprained Foot). "UM! KEEP YOUR LEG IN THIS POSITION, AND I'LL SEND YOU SOME WHISKEY LOTION."
Patient (persuasively). "SURE, DOCTOR, THIN YOU'LL LET IT BE IRISH!"

THE LADIES' "GRILLERY."

AS IT IS NOW.

Mary. How fortunate we've got a seat at last. That four hours of standing about the corridors nearly killed me.



"Spot-Barred"; or, "The Grillery" in the House, that one Mischievous Boy wants to open but a Good Boy wouldn't let him.

Elizabeth. Don't talk of it! Anyhow we're here now. How exciting! Can you see anything?

Mary. No, nothing. But I can hear—a distant murmur!

Elizabeth (enthusiastically). So can I! Just listen! Perhaps it's a Member being suspended. Oh, why did they put up that stupid grating? (Both stand up on their seats, and crane forward.)

Mary. Ah, this is glorious. I can see a man's head underneath me. It must be the SPEAKER! Or do you think it is Mr. GLADSTONE? I wish I knew.

Female Habituee. That's the Reporters' Gallery you're looking at now. The SPEAKER sits beneath—you can just see the canopy over his Chair.

Mary. Oh, thanks! And—yes—I can really see dust on the top of it. How delightful!

Elizabeth. Have you got the ear-trumpet with you. I believe that's Tom's voice speaking now. Can you hear him?

Mary. Not a word. But I fancy I can see some distant figures sitting about; I think that's Mr. BRADLAUGH's head I see through the grating.

Elizabeth (excited). Oh where?

Mary. Near the door. Ready to rush out, I suppose, if the ushers catch sight of him.

Elizabeth (after half-an-hour of this sort of thing). I should really enjoy it tremendously, if I knew what was going on at all.

Mary. And if all the fumes of the Chamber did not rise up into our cage. I feel half suffocated already. Suppose we go, and read all about what they're discussing in to-morrow's papers?

AS IT MAY BE SOME DAY.

Mary (in a luxurious stall, in full view of the Treasury Benches). Really, it's almost as comfortable as a Theatre.

Elizabeth. And how good of the SPEAKER to send up that message saying that he'll be sure to catch Tom's eye in time to enable us to hear his speech and get back home by eleven!

Mary. Poor Tom's rather nervous. He didn't want me to come, you know. He says he thinks the old gallery for Ladies was much the best.

Elizabeth. How very ungallant—almost unparliamentary! But why is Mr. GLADSTONE feeling underneath his seat now?

Mary. Hush! The Usher is looking at you. Perhaps he's going to throw something at Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. They say he gets very excited at times.

Elizabeth. What handsome men some of the Conservatives are!

Mary (blushing). Oh no, I think the Liberals are much handsomer. There's that dear Captain EVERGREEN—he nodded up at me just now!

Elizabeth (signalling to the Sergeant-at-Arms). Oh, could you give me a copy of the programme, please?

Sergeant-at-Arms. With great pleasure. (Hands her copy of the Orders of the Day, &c.) And perhaps you would like an ice?

Elizabeth. Yes; two strawberries, please. It's most kind of the SPEAKER to provide them gratis.

Mary. Very. Oh, I see Captain EVERGREEN coming this way. He'll have a chat with us, no doubt! Really an evening at the House of Commons is now becoming quite a little holiday.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THE TORTURE CHAMBER. QUESTION-TIME.

A Scene at St. Stephen's, Westminster—after George Cruikshank's Illustrations in "The Tower of London," &c.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 30.—Fifty-nine Questions on the paper for to-night; twenty-nine Irish, of usual thrilling interest, though we haven't yet reached that one which stands in the name of JOSEPH GILLIS, and inquires about alleged delinquencies at the Post-Office, 292, Fulham Road. Remarkable man, JOSEPH. Whilst everybody thought his attention concentrated on the iniquities of the Guardians of the Ballyhoy Union, he has had his eye on Fulham Road. Thoroughfare hitherto rejoiced in conviction that it was so long and unwieldy, might pursue its course with impunity. If JOEY B. was on the look-out for anything in London, he would take a nice quiet short street like Stratton Street, or New Burlington Street, for example. Nothing shorter than Fulham Road suits genius of JOSEPH, and no number less than 292 excites his interest.

Nobody minds Irish Questions, not even CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who reads, without emotion, prodigious answers Irish Office places in his hands. By-and-by, when he's stronger in his place, C. B. will doubtless summarise these little histories, which are as minute as a description in the *Police Gazette*, and as scrupulously informing as a Town Directory. No reason why answers to Irish Members should be more voluminous than replies on matters of Imperial interest. Chief Secretary should study answers of Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, which are models of brevity and perspicuity.

"I am out of it now myself," says TREVELYAN. "But I never come in here at half-past four without thinking of the Torture

Chamber.—Daresay, TOBY, you never read HARRISON AINSWORTH now. Should look up his *Tower of London*. Picture there, by CRUIKSHANK, of the Torture Chamber. Always see it when questions going forward. GLADSTONE lying on the rack; ASHMEAD BARTLETT, WOLFF, GORST (and the dear Lord RANDOLPH, when he was here) hauling at the machinery; the SPEAKER looking on to see that the victim is not quite done to death; NORTHCOTE and BEACH regard scene not with open approval, but perhaps not without secret joy. Then, in the mind's eye, though not present in the flesh, one can see the Markiss as CRUIKSHANK's Headman, sharpening his axe of dissolution—which, by the way, upon further consideration, he's not been so ready in flashing as he was wont to be. They abolished the old Torture Chamber; but they have left us one that is equally cruel in its action. *Experientia docet*."

Proposed to go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates; but Ladies' Gallery to be discussed first. GORST, who kicked up such fearful row about supposed abandonment of New Guinea to Germany, now wants to give up Heligoland; at which BEACH is properly shocked, and suggests that GORST is laying a trap for ingenious Government.

GORST unusually active to-night. Earlier in sitting appeared with brief for ZEBEK PASHA, wanting to know under what law that interesting person is detained a prisoner at Gibraltar without being brought to trial.

"I believe," said HARCOURT, "that if GORST had been in the

House of Commons in the Session of 1815, he would have asked the Attorney-General under what law the Emperor NAPOLEON was detained at St. Helena."

Finally the Irish Members came on with the perennial question of Inspector MURPHY, on which they talked till midnight.

"Always thought you were against the police," I said to my friend JOSEPH GILLIS, as we rode home in 'bus together. "How is it you're always championing Policeman MURPHY? Did you always admire him?"

"No," said JOSEPH B., with his charming frankness; "only since he was dismissed the Force."

Business done.—A couple of Votes in Civil Service Estimates.

Tuesday.—More of the Torture Chamber. HARTINGTON still on the rack. W. E. G. down at Brighton. Report current in House that he was seen there this morning, dressed in serge suit, short jacket, straw hat with blue ribbon ("Indomitable" stamped on it), walking up and down Pier with telescope under his arm. But this probably exaggeration.

Not much to be got out of HARTINGTON, though ASHMEAD BARTLETT turned the screws and pulled the levers, intending, as he said, to "leave not a rack behind." Principal Question of the day, whether House shall be permitted to rise for Adjournment at Seven o'Clock, or whether SPEAKER, Officials, and a Quorum of Members must be dragged down again at Nine? Rumours about of contemplated dirty trick on part of Parnellites. But no one believed it. Special arrangements made for letting them blow off steam yesterday. Really had nothing to talk about, till happy thought struck SEXTON of bringing over from Canada one JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, convicted of Fenianism twenty years ago, escaped from prison, and now wants permission to visit Canada and the old country.

This cannot be made to last very long. Dropped at Six o'Clock. Adjournment at Seven seemed certain. In despair, ARTHUR O'CONNOR obliged to fall back on Soudan. Proposes, amid cheers from JOSEPH GILLIS, to hand over to the Soudanese women the light-hearted and amiable gentleman at that moment promenading Parade at Brighton, and discussing weather forecast with Coast-guardsmen. W. REDMOND next started topic of meeting prohibited at Wexford. This also fell through. All this, bewildered reader must understand, took place on Question whether the House should at its rising adjourn for the Easter Recess.

Twenty minutes to Seven now. In ten minutes the debate, if not concluded, must stand adjourned, and House must meet again at Nine o'Clock. Parnellites almost in despair. KENNY saved them. Began a few remarks on French Fishermen on the Irish coast, which pleasantly whiled away remaining minutes, and, with groan of angry despair, Members found they must needs upset all their arrangements and return at Nine o'Clock. Having brought about this, the Parnellites did not even make pretence of keeping up debate, and at Ten o'Clock Motion for Adjournment was carried, and House separated till Thursday, April 9th.

"A glorious victory this," I said to JOSEPH GILLIS. "Perhaps a little tainted with breach of honourable understanding, but still worthy of an organised political party representative of a great Nation."

"Yes," said JOSEPH, twisting his comforter round his neck. "I think we did it pretty well. They could not believe we'd do such a thing. Never been done before. So we let them make all their arrangements, and then came in and tipped them over."

And JOSEPH laughed. I'm afraid he's a little dense. Anyone else would have seen I was speaking sarcastically.



SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.—Cut them as short as you can. Every Telegram must be likewise an Epigram.

QUITE THE WRONG MAN.

(Continued from Page 173.)

CHAPTER III.—THE COURTEOUS STRANGER.

O'DWYER had dined—rapidly, with electric speed, after the manner of his race. He sauntered into the Hall of the "Shortham," partly with the purpose of ascertaining whether a Hairdresser and a Dentist, essential to his Trans-Atlantic peace and comfort, were kept in the establishment, partly to make up his mind as to the choice of amusement for the evening.

In the vast and shadowy hall of the hostelry, reading the Bills of the various Theatres, O'DWYER beheld the courteous stranger who had bowed so deeply after their casual encounter near the Blenheim Club. O'DWYER recognised him with his stately courtesy, and the two gradually entered on conversation.

"What can one see to-night of the entertainments of the people," asked O'DWYER.

"If I might presume, Sir, to offer a suggestion to one so skilled in all the finer arts of life," said the stranger, "and so well acquainted with the resources of the Metropolis, it would be that the performances of Miss O'BOTHERTON repay perusal."

"What can the man mean?" thought O'DWYER, "I don't know the resources of this foreign Metropolis."

"Miss O'BOTHERTON," the elaborate Stranger went on, "at the head of the Hiberno-American troupe,—quite a novelty, is bewitching the town as *Hermione*, in *A Winter's Tale*."

"So be it," replied O'DWYER, "*A Winter's Tale* for Midsummer Eve! May I hope to have the partnership, in this pleasure, of the gentleman who so kindly assists my selection with his judgment?"

"His princely courtesy," muttered the Stranger, aside, "almost unmans me! But my vow!" In three minutes, and a hansom cab, the pair were on their way to the Mausoleum.

CHAPTER IV.—MISS O'BOTHERTON.

DESPITE the heat and the lateness of the season, Miss O'BOTHERTON, a slight, dark, lively brunette, was entrancing a crowded house at the Mausoleum. Deftly treading his way over the toes of the occupants of the Stalls, who rose with a polite alacrity, and stared with a curious interest that amazed him, O'DWYER followed his new friend to two unoccupied seats in an advantageous position. He was delighted with all he beheld, as a Patriot with the applause and bouquets showered on his beautiful countrywoman, as a Critic by the brilliant alacrity and *verve* with which she bustled merrily through her lively part. Her vivacious manner of glancing at the Gallery, when, after descending as a statue from the pedestal, she exclaims, "You gods, look down," charmed the austere O'DWYER.

"A perfectly novel and quite too audaciously infallible interpretation of the divine Bard," he murmured,—as he excitedly clapped his hands,—to his new acquaintance.

"She has indeed, Sir, as much wit and discretion as she has beauty," replied the Stranger, "and is an old family friend of my own besides. May I hope, Sir, that you will accept my humble hospitality, and 'meet with champagne and a chicken' in the society of *Hermione*?"

"You do a stranger too much honour," replied O'DWYER. "And when the lovely Statue descends, and 'is stone no more,' it shall be my pride to accompany you into her bewitching presence."

The Stranger bowed his acknowledgments, the Curtain fell, and O'DWYER was soon following his unexpectedly delightful host in the direction of the foyer.

NUMBER ONE.

SIR.—The time is fast approaching when somebody will write to the *Times* to say he has just heard the Cuckoo. I beg to forestall him, whoever he is, with another bit of news, and that is, that I've just seen a Fly! Not a Fly on four wheels, but a genuine full-grown Fly, with all his wits about him (or her) too, for I haven't been able to catch it. Perhaps, could I have caught this one, I might have been free from them all the Summer. As to the Cuckoo, I've often heard that within the last three weeks. He was inside a clock, and came out regularly once every hour. But the Fly is a serious matter. What does it portend?—Yours, A NATURAL.

FARRAR GOOD OF HIM.—During the past Lent, the admirers of the Archdeacon of Westminster have subsisted largely on Farrar-inaceous Food. He is reported to have said an excellent thing about Millionnaires not giving in proportion to their means, and then laughingly alluding to the gift as their "mite." Mite be much more. It was said on Palm Sunday evening, and it is to be hoped that every Millionnaire's palm had bank-notes in it to any amount for charitable purposes. Everyone who is not a Millionnaire thought it first-rate, and so true.

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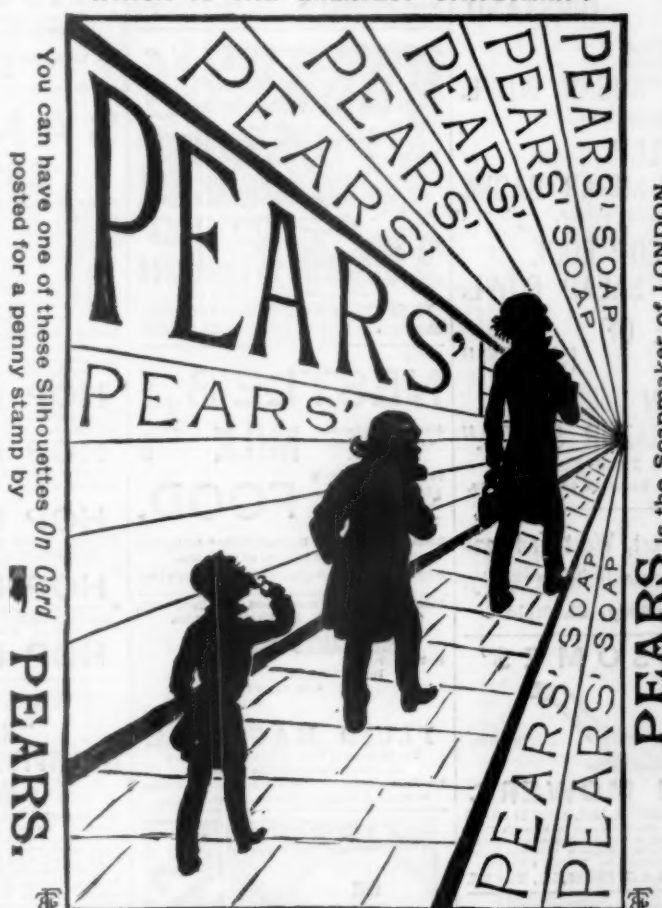
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